

property she could handle it, with her ability, to more profit for herself than I could do for her. She could live better without me than with me. She used to curse poverty, and did not like to meet the times as they came along, as I had to do. She liked to live and be on the upper shelf. She was a smart woman and had many noble traits in her character. The breaking up of the family in that way was a hard stroke on me. To part with the children and a home was hard to endure. It was especially hard to part with her. The property, I cared nothing about.

I gave her about one fourth of what I had, consisting of a house, a lot, farming land, live stock, factory stock, provisions, wood and hay, furniture, stove and sewing machine, amounting to about \$3,000.00 at the valuation of things at that time. She receipted me for it as payment in full. I offered her a bill of divorce, but she would not take that. She declared she would not accept of that, so she belongs to me yet.

Leonora—I will now go back and conclude my report in caring for my fourth wife, Leonora, and her family. I traded off my only team and wagon, and harness, and other things for a house and 14 acres of land in Pine Valley. I took my son, George, with me and left the family in St. George. We went to Pine Valley to raise a crop on the small farm I had bought. After gathering it, I sold the place to my son, Osro, and bought twenty-two acres from my son, James, in Grass Valley, for one thousand one hundred dollars. He was going to move to Kanosh, Utah. There was no house on the land, but I bought an old one from James Rancher and moved it on the land. I moved Leonora and family into it. Her son, George, and I went to work in good earnest, thinking we had another good home, which it was, but in my experience I had learned that settling down to do any kind of labor in a "Mormon" life was very uncertain. George was all the help I had on this farm. He was a good boy to work, but not big enough to do the plowing or heavy work. I told him to watch me and learn all he could about work. I told him we did not know how soon I might be called away, and leave him to do the work alone.

Cynthia and I—I found that counsel which had been given by the Stake President Snow, was not given any too soon, for in the fall of 1884 I received a letter from President Woodruff saying that my wife, Cynthia, and I were called on a mission to work in the Temple. That wound up my work on the farm, and I turned it over to George and his mother to do the best they could. Next year George was able to do the plowing and managed very well. Before leaving St. George my youngest son, Angus Cannon, was born October 17, 1882.

Cynthia's family, excepting her youngest son, Amos, were all married. He lived with his brothers, and Cynthia left Pine Valley for St. George on January 15th, 1885. We worked in the Temple until January 15th, 1887. At that time I became very lame with rheumatism and the President of the Temple advised me to go to Pine Valley for a while.

(End of Journal)

Robert Gardner died February 3, 1906, in the place of which he said, "The Dixie country was never much of a country in which to make money, but it was a fine country in which to make men."

THE STORY OF THE BLIND

As we read and ponder the stories of the pioneers and others, who have conquered the personal tragedy of blindness, to become the kind of citizens who make a worthwhile contribution to society, our desire to live better and give more is increased.

They had a strong desire to conquer and to overcome the adversity so as to endure and triumph. Some already blinded men and women walked the entire distance across the plains, some even pulled handcars. Others suffered illness, or faced the hot sun as they traveled across the plains, which weakened their eyes and was the real cause of blindness in their later years.

Then we have the record of those where blindness came by accident. Our heart goes out to the persons who have lost their sight, but history proves that many have conquered blindness, learned to read Braille and found a way to ward off idleness. One must remember they have endured disaster and have triumphed over it.

THE BLIND HARPIST, 1856

Thomas Davis Giles, best known in Utah as the blind harpist, was born at Blanavon, Pembrokeshire, Wales, November 28, 1820. With most members of his family he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1844. His blindness resulted from an accident in a coal mine in which he was employed in South Wales. With both eyes literally crushed from his head, he was totally blind.

With his wife, two boys, ages 7 and 9, and a baby girl, he emigrated in 1856, joining the Edward Bunker handcart company at Iowa City. Notwithstanding his serious physical handicap, he pulled his handcart containing all of his worldly possessions.

Soon after starting across the plains, the baby became ill and died. She was buried beside the trail and the company moved onward. A few weeks later, his wife died. She also was buried beside the trail. The two boys, because of their father's condition, were sent back to join another company which included a group of Welsh emigrants.